

**A CONTEST OF WITS.**  
THOUSANDS ARE TRYING FOR THE  
**CONUNDRUM PRIZE.**  
A NOVEL AND FASCINATING TOURNEY.  
**SEE TO-DAY'S EVENING WORLD.**  
**PRICE ONE CENT.**

**THE WILL IS VOID.**  
Millionaire Williamson, of Philadelphia, Passes Away Without Signing It.

**The Training School He Endowed Will Lose \$1,000,000.**

**The Philanthropist's Dearest Wishes Are Thus Thwarted.**

**THEY COVET THE N. Y. AND N.**  
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**YIELDING TO MAYOR GRANT.**

**Electrical Companies Head Subversive Letters About the Poles.**

**The Board of Electrical Control met in Mayor Grant's office at noon to-day.**

**A \$26,000 MASCOT.**

**The Biggest Price Ever Brought by a Two-Year-Old Colt.**

**Good Figures Prevail at the Sale of California Stock.**

**Fine Blooded Young Equines Before a Crowd of Eager Buyers.**

Whinnies, neighs, sounds of iron-shod feet, the murmurs of conversation and the smoke of tobacco issued from the American Institute Building this morning an hour before the much-talked-of sale of the California trotting stock consigned to Peter C. Kellogg & Co. had begun.

A half dozen or more colts were being exercised in the ring, and the movements, action and points of these were closely watched by the knowing ones present.

Ever since the arrival of the stock visitors to the stalls have been plenty, and a great proportion of those who had come to buy had already determined on the colt they wished to get.

By 10 o'clock the hall was well filled. Shortly after that hour Mr. Kellogg climbed into his box and began reading the conditions of the coming sale.

This is the first day of the sale, and it brings forward all the stock of Messrs. L. J. Rose, C. A. Durfee and H. Scott.

Among the well-known people present were John Splan, the driver; William Woodward, the combination salesman; T. A. Diabrow, United States District-Attorney Walker, Dr. F. C. Fowler, J. H. Conklin, Nathan Strauss, A. B. Sargent, Fred Akers, Frank Herdic, W. H. Hamilton, W. H. Wilson, John H. Shultz, J. Hurlinger and A. J. Schultz, of Dayton, O.

The sale began with No. 1 of Mr. Rose's stock, a bay, four years old, with a record of 2:30, and probably the jewel of the Rose stock. She is one of the best bred trotting mares in the country.

The next sale was that of a half sister of Nehusta, as yet unnamed. After some spirited bidding the mare was knocked down to J. S. Ferguson for \$4,000.

No. 2, a bay filly, one year old, grand daughter of the Moor, brought \$1,000. Dr. F. C. Fowler was the purchaser.

**WHAT! A GARDENER**

**Can Pittsburg's Count di Montercoli Be a Count-er-felt?**

**A Buffalo Girl Says that Such He Is and His Name's Carnal.**

**And the Turreted Castle on the Mediterranean and Everything.**

**[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]**  
PITTSBURG, March 7.—Pittsburg's best society is agitated. The one topic of conversation is whether Countess Knox-di Montercoli has or has not obtained a divorce. That the divorce has been applied for is a settled fact. But the result of the suit is an uncertainty. Hence the agitation.

The ambiguous statement made yesterday by a relative of the lady about the Countess Peanuti di Montercoli having sworn falsely when he averred that he had never been married before, and which gave rise to the impression that there might be another countess in the turreted castle on the blue shores of the Mediterranean, has been explained.

There was such a countless once, but her remains are reposing in Montercoli graveyard. The exact whereabouts of the Countess Knox-di Montercoli is also puzzling Pittsburg's "Best." Some say she is in Berlin and others that she is in Paris. A friend of the family says:

Ten days ago a letter was received here, saying that the Count would arrive in America in a few days, and that he had sailed for the purpose of reviving the scandal and to make the Knox family come to terms. When Virginia Knox arrived in Italy she found her husband was a penniless impostor who had not a cent in the world. He derived his title from a deceased wife, but had no estate, and the castle he told about here was similar to the one described by Claude Melnotte to Pauline de Lyons.

He sent the report broadcast that he had given up the chase in disgust. He instructed his men to leave Milan, Mich., where they were, and start for home. They did so. They only came a few miles, however, when they got off and returned secretly to Milan.

The sharpers hurried back to Milan to look after personal matters that required their attention and were arrested by the detectives, who carried them coolly as if they had never expressed an intention of leaving Milan.

The Friends, Howards and Halsteads were furious. A writ of habeas corpus was procured immediately by their lawyers, and the Countess was released. She was ordered to leave the country, and she did so. She is now in the hands of the law.

It is now admitted by the Knox family that they have long been aware that the Countess Peanuti was an impostor, and that as soon as his ill treatment was known, they had learned his real character she left him.

The Count is extremely anxious for an interview with Mrs. Knox. On his arrival in New York he sent her a telegram to Virginia demanding that she come on at once that he might have an interview with her. She paid no attention to it, and he sent two more. The family insists that he is here after money.

**MRS. FRIEND HERE.**

**The Electric Sugar Swindlers Brought Back from Milan.**

**They Were Caught by a Very Clever Detective Russ.**

**They Send for Counsel and are Arraigned in the General Sessions.**

A travel-stained train rolled softly into the Grand Central Depot about 7 o'clock this morning.

A little while later, a party of nine weary-looking people alighted from a front sleeper, and hurrying out got into carriages in front of the depot.

Four of the party were Inspector Byrnes's detectives, Creed, Ruland, McNaught and Hurd.

The others were their prisoners, Mrs. Olive E. Friend, Mrs. Emily Howard, William E. Howard, Gus and George Halstead, the celebrated electric sugar swindlers.

The party, in two coaches, were driven directly to Police Headquarters. There they were assigned to cells, while the detectives reported the successful result of their mission to Inspector Byrnes.

Six weeks ago warrants were obtained for the arrest of the swindlers and the extradition papers necessary to bring them from Michigan, where they had fled to on the eve of the exposure of their gigantic swindling operations. Inspector Byrnes was requested to serve the papers.

He sent the four detectives West for the sharpers. The latter fled over the border into Canada. They were safe there. The detectives were baffled. They wired to their chief for instructions and by a simple little ruse he bagged the whole party.

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**COWLEY'S FALL.**

**His Diamond Robbery Advertising Scheme Ruined Him.**

**It Brings to Light the Fact that He Is Guilty of Bigamy.**

**A Warrant Out for His Arrest and All His Effects Attached.**

Samuel J. Cowley, the artist, whose desire to gain a fine advertisement led him to insert a notice that \$6,000 reward would be paid for the return of an imaginary necklace of diamonds taken from the studio at 24 West Fourteenth street, has evidently got his fill of it by this time.

He is in hiding, and his business, instead of being increased, as he fondly hoped it would, has gone to smash.

His studio pictures have been attached for board and rent bills.

He was shown by THE EVENING WORLD to be a most phenomenal perverter of the truth, and other things have since been discovered which make his history an interesting one.

Mr. Cowley is a bigamist. Both his wives are in the immediate vicinity of New York. Mrs. Cowley No. 1 lives at 65 Bank street. She was married to the vacillating artist ten years ago in Cleveland, O. Mrs. Cowley No. 2 lived up to a week ago at No. 24 West Hamilton place, Jersey City. Her maiden name was Catherine Childs. She was married two years ago by the Rev. Dr. Seabury in an Episcopal church on West Fourteenth street.

Her father is Calvin J. Childs and he lives at 65 Lafayette street, also in Jersey City. He is well to do, having a large express business in that city, besides holding a high position with Dodge's Express Company at the Grand Central Depot.

An EVENING WORLD reporter called at 24 West Hamilton place. It is a three-story brownstone front facing the park of that name. A little man opened the door in response to the reporter's ring.

"What do you want?" he asked, imperiously. "I'd like to see Mrs. Cowley."

"She isn't here."

**AT HIS NEW OFFICE.**

**Ex-President Cleveland's First Appearance in William Street.**

**Partner Stetson Took Him Quietly Down in His Carriage.**

**Many Bunches but No Visitors for the Distinguished Guests at the Victoria.**

Messenger boys and expressmen were frequent visitors at the Victoria Hotel this morning, laden with packages and letters, the majority of which bore the inscription: "Hon. Grover Cleveland."

The clerk methodically placed the bundles behind his desk, where, before the morning messenger boys and expressmen were frequent visitors at the Victoria Hotel this morning, laden with packages and letters, the majority of which bore the inscription: "Hon. Grover Cleveland."

They were not sent directly to the rooms of the ex-President, as Mr. Cleveland and his wife were late risers, being fatigued from the excitement of the past few days and the discomforts of travelling.

No visitors called upon the Cleverlands this morning, it being tacitly understood that they desired to remain in privacy for the day.

Col. Dan Lamont, looking the picture of health, received the reporters with his usual pleasant manner in his cozy reception-room, No. 430, on the fourth floor.

The room presented a pretty domestic picture. Mrs. Lamont, seated in a large easy chair by the grate fire, was instructing her little daughter Ellie in the rudiments of writing, using as a text the statement that "rock salt is found in mines in the earth."

Which interesting fact the child was laboriously committing to paper.

A vase on the centre-table was filled with large American Beauty roses and white hyacinths. The gift of friends who had anticipated the arrival of the Colonel and his wife.

"Mr. Cleveland," said the Colonel, "will visit his office to-day and prepare to begin work as usual."

**EXTRA**

**BLOODY WORK HERE**

**Druggist's Clerk Wetzung Murderously Assaulted by an Unknown.**

**The Assaultant Then Added Robbery to His Other Deed.**

A startling crime was committed in this city to-day.

Gunther Wetzung, a clerk in a drug store at 987 Third avenue, was brutally chopped with an axe.

His skull was split open, one of his arms was nearly severed from his body and he was hacked on other parts of his body.

Who his assailant is no one knows. Eleven dollars were taken from the till in the drug store, but the police do not think that robbery caused the crime.

They say that it was done by some enemy, and that the money was taken in order to throw the police off the scent.

Wetzung was twenty-nine years old, and had been for three years in the employ of Otto Döppner, who runs the drug store.

The assault took place in a little room in the rear of the store, used as a reception room. Wetzung slept in an adjoining room.

H. McCreary, who occupies the basement, discovered the clerk lying on the floor covered with blood at shortly after 7 o'clock this morning, when he called at the drug store for a prescription.

Wetzung, although in a dying condition, was able to speak.

A policeman was called in. He and McCreary gave the wounded man brandy.

Wetzung told them that he was struck from behind about ten minutes before he was found.

He was at the time stooping over to lace his shoes and he did not hear or see anybody enter the room.

The drug store is midway between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth streets. It is about 15 by 30 feet.

In the rear of the main store is the usual partition behind which prescriptions are compounded.

Back of this is a small anteroom, with the lounge in it, near which the assault took place. Opening on it is the small room used as a bedchamber by Wetzung.

The bed was unmade, as if it had been slept in last night.

Plumber H. McCreary tells the following story:

"I entered the store at 7:30 this morning to get something used in my business. There was no one visible, and I called to Wetzung, whom I knew well."

"A faint answer came from within. The sound was so muffled I thought the clerk was in bed."

"I waited about five minutes and called again."

"Again came a faint response."

"I then went behind the screen and into the room."

"Upon the floor lay Wetzung literally covered with blood."

"The entire room, which is small, was splattered with blood—walls, ceiling and floor."

"On the floor was a bloody axe, five inches long with an eighteen-inch handle. It was brand-new."

"William Grollish, an errand-boy employed at the store, tells the following story:

"I reported at the store at 7 o'clock. Wetzung was in his shirt sleeves at the time. He sent me out to get some rolls for breakfast, as was his custom. This was at 7:05."

"When I came back half an hour later the store was in an uproar. It was crowded with people."

"They said Wetzung had been nearly killed."

"Capt. Warts immediately put detectives on the case, as has Inspector Byrnes."

A coat found in the room showing eye cuts puzzles the detectives, as Wetzung had no coat on."

At the hour of going to press Wetzung was still living, though very sick. He is in Bellevue Hospital."

THE "TIMES" PROCEEDINGS ABOUT OVER.

Lively Times Promised When the Parallels Get Their Inaugure.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)

LONDON, March 7.—The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company issued an order recently cutting down salaries. Every man in their employ receiving \$60 per month or over was to be reduced 10 per cent.

The pilots, captains and engineers on Columbia River and Puget Sound would not accept the reduction, and struck.

The place of these men are very hard to fill, and it is very likely they will compel the Company to come to their terms before many hours.

A Baseman Degenerating.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 7.—William Keelie, third baseman of the Allegheny Baseball Club, was arrested yesterday for operating a poker room. He furnished bail.

**BROWN'S VICTIM IS DYING.**

Mrs. Mamie Martin, who was murderously assaulted with a fatiron last night, is still unconscious and lying in a dying condition in the Presbyterian Hospital. The doctors say she cannot live.

Her assailant, Louis Bertram Brown, occupies a cell in the Yorkville Court, having been committed at the Yorkville Prison to-day to await the result of his victim's injuries.

Mrs. Martin is the wife of Michael Martin, a coachman. The couple lived at 997 Third avenue, and until two months ago Brown boarded with them.

Mrs. Martin has been sick for some time and was lying in bed last evening when Brown, who seems to have had a liking for her, came in.

Miss Fitzgerald, Mrs. Martin's cousin, who was in the flat, told him he could not enter, as Mrs. Martin was very ill. With an oath he pushed past her and entered the sick woman's room.

"I left the room," said Miss Fitzgerald this morning, "and a moment later I heard an outcry. I went in and saw that he had struck Mrs. Martin three times with a fatiron, crushing her skull in a horrible manner."

"I'm the man," Brown said, in a cold tone of voice, when Policeman Dolan was called in. He was still intoxicated."

**A TERRIBLY FATAL FIRE.**

**MEN AND LIVE STOCK PERISH IN A KANSAS CITY CAR-STABLE FIRE.**

**[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]**  
KANSAS CITY, March 7.—The Metropolitan street car stables were burned here last night, and a dozen men are believed to have perished in the flames.

It is known that six men were sleeping in the building, and they have not been seen yet.

Five others who went into the stalls with a gang during the progress of the fire to liberate the stock did not return. It is feared they were suffocated. Their names are not known.

Watchmen Flanagan and Allison were found near the door and were dragged out unconscious. They will recover.

Seventy-five mules were burned to death in the stalls.

The fire is still smouldering and the search for the dead has not yet been commenced.

A Big Failure in Montreal.

MONTREAL, March 7.—Henry & Lacroix wholesale commission made an assignment this morning. The liabilities are \$200,000. Their principal creditors are in the United States and England.

Accused of Check Forgery.

David H. Edwards, a clerk of 7108 Lexington avenue, was remanded by Justice Ford in the Yorkville Police Court this morning on a charge of forging the name of Louis Minicini, of 404 First avenue, to a check for \$25.

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